

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

Pledged to The Republican Policy of Reciprocity and Protection to American Industries, as Formulated in The Republican National Platform.

VOL. XVII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1904.

NO. 19.

## PEOPLE THAT YOU KNOW

### WHAT THEY ARE DOING—WHERE THEY GO.

Interesting Items Gathered Here and There in Our Journeys About Town.

ELGIN, Ill., Jan. 4.—No offerings no sales. Official market firm at 24 cents; last week 24 cents; last year 24½ cents. Output of week, 487,900 lbs.

Henry Herman was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Did you say Crawford cheese is best? Yes we do. Found only at Williams Bros.

Regular services at the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening.

Don't forget to hear Mr. Battis at the M. E. church, Jan. 18. See window cards.

Good sweaters only one dollar, for boys at Williams Bros.

Ben Emmons has been quite sick for the past three weeks but is now on the gain.

Mrs. Josephine Cropper, of Chicago, attended the funeral of her brother at this place on Thursday.

A great mitten sale—the remnant of 25 dozen. Lined mittens only 40c per pair at Williams Bros.

Write to Alden, Binger & Co., Waukegan, Ill., for prices and terms on new and used pianos and organs.

Harvey Watson of Chicago spent the latter part of the week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson.

Coffees are advancing daily. The 18c coffee at Williams Bros. is as good as over and no higher now. Will soon be 20c.

Will VanPatton and wife of Silver Lake were calling on Antioch relatives and friends on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Grice of Aurora visited with their many friends here on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Miss Anna Butler, a former teacher here and who is now teaching near Chicago, spent a few days with friends here.

Robert Boucholtz and wife of Honey Creek, Wis. spent a few days last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Radtke.

Lost—on New Year's day a cream colored collar pup, under please return to H. S. Messager, Leon Lake Ill. and receive reward.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Little, of Waukegan, came out on Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Little's brother on Thursday.

The next number on the entertainment course at the M. E. church will be given by Mr. Battis, the impersonator, Monday Jan. 18.

Mr. Sam Garwood, who has been working at Harvard for the past four months returned home on Wednesday for a few days visit at Mr. Harmon Garwood's.

For Sale or Rent—A nine room house with barn and other buildings in A1 condition in Antioch. Call or address J. J. Burke, real estate agent, Antioch. 21

Mr. and Mrs. Will Cornish, of Solon visited over Sunday, with Mrs. Cornish's brother, Mr. Fred Kinrade and family. Grandson Kinrade remained over to visit her sons family.

There will be a regular High Mass at St. Peter's Church in this city on Friday Jan. 8, 1904, at 10:30 a. m. for the repose of the souls of Mrs. C. O. Foltz and daughters. Friends of the family are cordially invited to be present.

Rev. M. A. Bruton.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Cannon started for their new home at Onstee, Oklahoma, on Tuesday. Both families have resided here for a number of years and will be very much missed by their many friends who join with the News in wishing them happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Weather report for December 1903: coldest day Dec. 18, 18 below; warmest day Dec. 23, 40 above; number of days below zero 9; average thermometer for the month 17½ degrees, fall of snow 11 inches. For December 1902 the report is, as follows: coldest day Dec. 9, 5 below zero; warmest day Dec. 1, 45 above; number days below zero 2; average thermometer for the month 23½; snow fall 4½ inches; J. C. James, Jr.

The officers of the M. E. Sunday School for the year 1904, elected Sunday are as follows: Aeneas Peterson, Superintendent; Prof. Eakle, Assistant Superintendent; Jennie Sibley, Secretary; Clair Kelly, First Assistant Secretary; Bertha James, Second Assistant Secretary; Fannie Dennick, Treasurer; Joseph Labdon, Librarian; Mabel Higgins, Organist; Bertha James, Assistant Organist; Mrs. D. A. Williams, Chorister; Wallie Ames, Superintendent of Home Department. No change was made in the corps of teachers.

B. B. Grice was transacting business in Chicago Tuesday.

The best tea 50c pound, 5 pound lots at \$2.25 at Williams Bros.

A. T. White of Waukegan was calling on Antioch friends Tuesday.

Mrs. Gananie, of Dover, Wis. is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. L. Soule.

Maple City and Galvanic soap six bars 25c. Lenox 7 at Williams Bros.

W. F. Carpenter of Chicago was calling on friends at Antioch and Channah on New Year's day.

### Iowa's Capitol Burns.

The north-west wing of the state capitol of Iowa was destroyed by fire Monday. The loss was from \$500,000 to \$700,000. The state carried no insurance.

The chamber of the House of Representatives is a charred mass of debris and cannot be repaired in time for the approaching session of the Legislature.

The fire gained great headway before it was checked. It started about ten o'clock and at noon, when it was thought the entire building was doomed, Governor Cummings ordered the contents of all the offices removed. However the fire was finally confined to the wing in which it originated, and at six o'clock was practically extinguished.

The executive council of the state, consisting of Governor Cummings, Secretary of State Martin, State Auditor Carroll, and State Treasurer Gilbertson, held a brief session in the evening and announced the convening of the Legislature would not be postponed. It will meet a week from Monday last and arrangements will be made so that the sessions can be comfortably held. The plans are not completed, but the plan is to have the House sessions in the Senate chamber, the Senate sessions in the room of the Supreme court, and Supreme Court will either adjourn or hold its sessions in one of the committee rooms.

### Pleasant Social Gathering

Quite a number of Miss Ethel Thayer's friends were invited to her pleasant home last Thursday evening to watch the old year out and the new year in with her. About thirty young people were present and a most enjoyable time spent in social converse and games. "kingdom" being the main feature of the evening. Several other games were indulged in which were heartily enjoyed by all. About 12 o'clock a dainty luncheon was served which was much enjoyed. After this pleasant feature a few musical selections were rendered, after which all departed to their homes each wishing one another a happy new year and declaring Miss Ethel a model hostess. Those present were: The Messrs. Catharine Henderson, Ida Brooks, Laura Grimm, Alice Emmons, Lillie Watson, Gertrude Smart, Minnie Lux, Lillie Hancock, Clara Gullidge, Lillie Webb, Ada Lux, Lillian Turner, Pearl Lux, Fannie Denick, Ada Butrick, Mable Turner and Mary Blair. The Messrs: Willie Henderson, Louis Folbrink, Charles Lux, Geo. Wallis, Burtis Overton, John Turner, Roy Pierce, Earl Wedge and a Mr. Webb.

### How Do These Prices Suit You?

WATCH REPAIRING

Main Springs ..... 75c  
Jewels ..... 75c  
Cleaning ..... 75c  
Crystals ..... 15c

Every thing else in accordance with these prices. Only the best material used!

Yours respectfully,

DR. C. H. BARNES,

Olcott house, Main street, Antioch.

### Insurance Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Millburn Mutual Insurance Company will be held in Young's hall at Millburn, Illinois, on Saturday, January 9, 1904, at 10:30 a. m. to receive the official report of the management and state of the company, to make any change in the by-laws that is necessary, for the election of officers, and to attend to all business that may come before the meeting. Members please attend.

John A. Thain, Sec'y.

Millburn, Dec. 24, 1903.

### Repairs Ahead for Papa.

"Harold," said Mrs. Goodchild to her young son. "Did you tell that next door boy what your father said about this wicked habit of fighting and quarrelling?"

"Yes, ma."

"Did you remember to explain how your father pointed out that, in addition to the sinfulness of it and the bruises and cuts you get, your clothes suffer also, and thus your parents are put to unnecessary expense?"

"Yes, ma."

"And that if ever your father sees him fighting with you again he will speak to his parents about it?"

"Yes, ma."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'Send the old dog around and I'll bust in his slats.'—New York Press.

## FRATERNITY SERVICE

### AT THE M. E. CHURCH LAST SUNDAY EVENING

An Interesting Discourse by Rev. W. C. Cleworth on Brotherhood, to the Secret Orders of Antioch.

The following is a synopsis of the sermon preached by Rev. Cleworth on last Sunday evening before the several secret organizations of Antioch.

Text, Ephesians 15-25: "We are members one of another."

Humanity is a living organization. When we begin the study of man we cannot continue long with the individual; we must find his relationships. From humanity's infancy God has been trying to show us that men are brothers. He began with Cain and because that primitive son rejected the idea of a brotherhood he bore forever the mark of Divine displeasure. Paul taught the doctrine of a brotherhood when he stood before the Athenian audience and declared: "God hath made of one blood all nations."

This is pre-eminently a Christian doctrine. You look in vain among the non-Christian peoples for this noble idea. The spirit of hatred and revenge, so prominent among the heathen, receives its death blow at the hands of Christ. All his toil, his teaching and his sacrifice was to bring together in one, the scattered hearts of men.

And why is this a doctrine of Christianity purely? Because Christ is the living bond of union between man and man.

He is the common center about whom all human society revolves. Christ, not only brings men to Himself but to each other. If man joins man, having no common center of faith and love, the partnership is soon dissolved. The true idea of a brotherly unity doesn't consist in getting some one to do as I do, or see as I see. That is feeding greedy selfishness, and pampering self conceit. To have a true brotherhood men must move to a common center, and lay down their selfishness and selfish self appreciation upon one altar. That center is Christ. He is the head of a great world embracing brotherhood and we are all members one of another.

Let us observe how the realization of the Christian doctrine affects the conduct. It breaks down the middle wall of partition between men of all classes. It relieves the oppressed. It rejects the mere letter and exalts the pure spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity. This is where the French Philosophers made their fatal mistake. These words formed the battle cry of the French Revolution, but it was in putting them into execution in the wrong sense that left France dipping with blood, and with no better condition than prevailed before her awful conflict. We care not about the mere letter, but we desire above everything else the spirit of these holy principles. This Christian doctrine makes men kind to the helpless and needy. It breaks down the spirit of unfriendly criticism and censure. Unfriendly criticism is the foe to fraternal relations. Christ's conception and Paul's conception of a brother is that he is a man on whose tongue and in whose hands a fellow man will be as safe as in his own keeping. I believe that your societies stand for these very things we have mentioned. Live up to your principles.

Free and Accepted Masons, with a history covering almost two centuries, with your open bible, with your tenets of Brotherly love, relief and truth, with your cardinal virtues of temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, charged to be good men and true, to work diligently, live creditably and act honorably by all men. I remind you of God's particular claim upon you, in that you confess that the law of God is to be your rule and guide, until you meet in that celestial lodge above where the supreme Architect of the universe presides.

Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows with your companion Rebekahs, you have a splendid history of one hundred and sixty years. With your motto of "Friendship, Love and Truth," with your noble object: "to improve and elevate the character of man, imbue him with proper conceptions of his capabilities for good, enlighten his mind, enlarge the sphere of his affections and lead him to a cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the Great Author of his being." I call to your remembrance that God makes a special claim upon you to be consistent members of this great human brotherhood.

Woodmen of America with your Royal Neighbors, America's queens, for we recognize the queenliness of loyal womanhood, you are yet in the youth of your history. Coming of age this month there is a promising future before you. You have helped hundreds—and hundreds more—"shall rise up to call you blessed."

Court of Honor, youngest of all, but offering assistance in the time of accident, and relief for the bereaved; reminding us by your name of a duty of civility, yet standing for something better than all the darning feeds of plumed knights, you carry the bread of help to the hungry and there is a large place for you among us.

Fraternities all, you have recognized the doctrine of our text. Let me appeal to you to cherish most, honor the highest, love the dearest, the Supreme Fraternity—friendship with the God of God, "who sticketh closer than a brother."

## Death of Andrew P. Herman.

A telegram was received here on Friday January 1, announcing the death of Andrew P. Herman, which occurred at Phoenix, Arizona, on Thursday December 31. The sad news came as a great surprise to his many friends and relatives here, who were unaware that he was in a dangerous condition. Mr. Herman has been unable for a number of years to stand the winters in this climate and for the past year he and his wife have resided at Phoenix. It was hoped that the climate there would prove beneficial to him, and for some time he appeared to be much better, but a bad attack of LaGrippe was the direct cause of his death.

He was born at Waukegan in May 1855 and was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew B. Herman now of Grass Lake. He was a man well and favorably known throughout the country, the greater part of his life having been spent in the vicinity of Grass Lake. He was a man of sterling qualities and has made many friends here who regret to learn of his death. He was a member in good standing, of Irwin District Court, Court of Honor, at the time of his death and in losing him the court is called upon to mourn the loss of an honored and respected brother.

He leaves a wife, a father, four brothers and five sisters besides numerous relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

The remains arrived in Antioch Wednesday forenoon, and the funeral services were held at the Catholic church on Thursday at eleven o'clock, Father Bruton officiating. The remains were laid at rest in the Grass Lake cemetery. The News joins with their many friends in extending sympathy to the bereaved ones.

### Historic Residence in India.

Lord Kitchener's house at Simla, India, stands on the famous hill "Jaloko," but a high stone wall shuts out the view until coming to an open gateway a vista reveals the house and grounds, and a flag-staff which marks it as the residence of the Commander-in-Chief. The gateway itself has a military appearance, for at the base of each iron pillar, surmounted by lamps, a cannon faces outward, and two Gurkha soldiers pace up and down shouldering rifles. This old place is freight with historical associations, for it has been the summer residence of the Commander-in-Chief in India for years. The names of Roberts, Lockhart and White are associated with it. It is said that when Lord Kitchener first visited Snowdon, as it is called, last winter on a short visit to Simla, he pronounced it "a harg," and spoke freely of the many changes which he proposed to carry out.

### Value of Walking Exercise.

Men who go in for out-of-door sports entirely ignore the physiological benefit of walking. Many of them will ride for miles to enjoy an hour's exercise at golf or tennis. They would acquire more robust calves, stronger lungs and freer complexion if they would merely walk to the scene of their accustomed activity and then walk back again without touching a golf stick or a racket.

### Fear to Gaze on Royalty.

Formerly a Chinaman who gazed upon the Empress or Empress while they were being carried along the street lost his head. Since the Emperor's return from Singanfu this rule has been revoked, but the populace has not yet mustered its courage, and not long ago, when the imperial party were in Shanghai, the streets were deserted.

### Flirtatious Irish Girl.

Every Irish girl is a born flirt, with her beautiful eyes, and irresistible charm, but her flirtations are as open as the light of day, and her indomitable sense of humor invariably keeps her from making herself ridiculous.—Ladies' Field.

### Bibles for Boers.

It is reported that in view of the looting of Boer Bibles that took place during the late war the Bible Society is to make a free distribution of 5,000 Dutch Bibles bound in leather.

### India's Wheat Reports.

India exported 19,212,155 bushels of wheat during the last season.

### Find Low Temperature.

Balloons who ascended about ten thousand feet in Europe found a temperature of 27 degrees below zero.

### American Money in Mexico.

Fully 70 per cent of the 500,000,000 American dollars invested in Mexico are in its railroads.

### Electric Lines in Germany.

Germany has but 2,117 miles of electric car lines.

### Horse Power Street Railways.

Half of all the street railway track now operated by horsepower is in New York City.

### Aerial Excursions.

A project is on foot in Geneva for the establishment of aerial excursions to view the summit of Mount Blanc.

## RUSSIA-JAPANESE WAR.

### SAYS RUSSIA WILL NOT DARE TO FIGHT

Adachi Kinsohki of Japan Points to Overwhelming Advantages in His Country's Favor.

"Russia would commit an act of monumental folly to go to war with Japan," declared Adachi Kinsohki, manager of the Nippon Publishing company of San Francisco, at the Great Northern Hotel Chicago Monday night. "In support of his assertion Mr. Kinsohki, who is Japanese, and familiar with affairs in the Orient, gave facts and figures to prove that his native country is stronger than Russia."

The Trans-Siberian railroad is alone sufficient to keep Russia from going to war with Japan," he said. "In this road the czar has sunk more than \$500,000,000. On its indebtedness, which is largely due to the Road, Russia is paying \$150,000,000 in gold annually in interest. It cost \$7,000,000 annually to operate the line. If the road is not put on a paying basis within five years Russia will suffer a financial collapse."

Even if Russia wiped Japan off the face of the map it would cost the former \$500,000,000 to carry on a two years war. It is doubtful if Russia could borrow this money. What ever the outcome Japan would wreck the pacific outlet of the Trans-Siberian road. The war would kill northern China's purchasing power, the market would be dead at the end of the struggle, and of what value would the road be?

With the financial condition of Russia compare that of Japan. There is on hand in a few of the leading banks of Japan \$200,000,000 in gold. Japan spent \$100,000,000 in the war with China. With double that amount in its banks, Japan feels confident it could carry on a struggle with Russia for two years.

The same thing would happen to Russia as happened in the Crimean war. When it was exhausted, England or some other nations, would step in. There are two commercial powers in northern China—the United States and Great Britain. Suppose the two countries go to war. After fighting one year, the United States and Great Britain would say: "If the struggle is continued the resources of the market will be wrecked. If you can reach no understanding we will help you."

"This would suit Japan, because Japan does not want to commit suicide. All Japan wants is a free open, commercial field."

"Some people in the United States seem to think that the Japanese have not the wisdom and tact of the Russians. Japan's history for the past thirty years should teach them differently. Japan will not permit Russia to concentrate its forces in the Orient to an extent which might endanger Japan. When this danger point is reached, if it is reached, Japan will strike and strike hard."

"Our army and navy are stronger than Russia's, despite the common opinion that Russia has 6,000,000 soldiers to the 600,000 of Japan. Russia's boast that she has 150,000 in Manchuria today is an idle one."

"Japan has 250,000 trained men to pour into Manchuria as one solid force. Russia on the contrary must divide its forces to guard different parts of Manchuria. It would be, besides, a fight on Russia's part against geography and distance. Japan has but a few hundred miles to transport her forces, while Russia has 5,000 miles."

"Japan knows that it can whip the Russian fleet. With all of the Russian fleet now in the Pacific and with the vessels now on their way there, Russia has a tonnage of 220,000. In tonnage of vessels of more than 900 tons, Japan has more than 250,000."

"The Japanese vessels are also more modern and better armed than the Russian. The personnel of the crews are decisive elements. The Russians are compelling men from the inland to enter the navy. The sailors are trained under a slave system. The Japanese marine is a man, a patriot. He is filled with righteous indignation against Russia. The discipline of the Japanese navy will compare favorably with that of any nation on the globe."

### Old Presbyterian Church.

St. Andrew's is the oldest Presbyterian church in South Africa, and it has for nearly seventy-five years been the garrison church for Presbyterian soldiers in Cape Town. It is proposed to erect a building to seat about 1,200 people.

### Kicks Hand Out of Doors.

Baxter—You have heard of a man's biting off his nose to spite his face? Yalley—Yes; but I have never seen it done. I have known a man to kick one of his hands out of doors, however.—Boston Transcript.

### Chrysanthemums From China.

The first chrysanthemums to be brought to Europe were taken from China by skippers of the tea trading ships.

## LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Interesting Letter From Those Who Are Enjoying the Balmey Breezes of a Southern Climate.

Panama Bay, Fla., Dec. 25, 1903.

Editor News:—Leaving Chicago Dec. 18 at 7:00 p.m., with its sixteen inches of snow and the thermometer struggling up from 18° below zero, on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad, we wake up the next morning near Nashville, Tenn., and arrive there about 8:00 a. m. We changed cars here and finding our train two and a half hours late gave us a little time to view the capital city, located on a good elevation with perfect drainage. There is very little of interest to see except the capitol building which is about 100 years behind the times, and one of the finest depots I ever saw.

Leaving Nashville about 11:00 a. m. on the Louisville & Nashville railroad we continue our journey south. From Nashville to Birmingham, Alabama, was practically all we saw of the country the balance of the trip being made at night. We passed some fine scenery during the day and many points of interest connected with the civil war. Birmingham has a population of about 45,000. Next place of note is the capital of Alabama—Montgomery, about 35,000 population.

We passed through about 9:00 p. m. and from there to Pensacola we must have passed through some fine scenery and dense forests of pine. As we lie in our births looking out of the windows we could see the immense fir trees, the tops of which seemed to nearly meet over our train.

We arrived at Pensacola, Fla., at 5:00 a. m., Dec. 18, which has about 20,000 population and is one of the principle points on the gulf. Ocean liners run from here to all points of the globe. It is also noted for its coast defenses, having three forts commanding the entrance to Pensacola bay, also a navy yard. We hope to see more of Pensacola on our way back.

December 19, 10:30 a. m. we take train to Millville, eight miles, which is located on the south side of Perdido Bay, about 15 miles from the gulf. Here we take boats going five miles down the bay towards the gulf, where we rented a commodious building which is our home.

Have not been here long enough to learn much of our surroundings, having been busy getting settled, cleaning house, building furniture, etc. Have had no boat and the bridge is burned between here and town so we could not get lumber or anything else. We have now rented a yacht to be delivered tomorrow, large enough to accommodate our entire party, and hope for some pleasant excursions in the near future.

The weather is warm at present, the thermometer being 72° this morning, and has rained nearly all day. It is Christmas, and for dinner we had blue points on the half shell, quail pie and many other things that generally go with a first class Christmas dinner. The scenery around our home is very fine, pine and live oak covered with Spanish moss predominate; some orange, lemon, peach, plum, cypress, hickory, shumac, many magnolias and dwarf black oaks, the leaves of which are now a beautiful color, red, scarlet, etc., like Illinois forests in October. We are to have a half barrel of oysters for supper. Call in and have some. Very truly yours,

L. J. Slatons.

### Mosquitoes' Abhor Yellow.

It has been found that the Anopheles mosquito, which is responsible for malaria, likes red and blue objects, but has a pronounced aversion to yellow. This is considered a further argument in favor of khaki uniforms in tropical regions.

### Everybody's Dealer.

"Sunny autumnal days," said Sage Dobson, "make me long to run away for a ramble in the woods over the soft carpet of fallen brown leaves with boyhood's happy memories, chasing one another through my garret."

### Were Finally Hit.

"There was not a hitch of any kind," says an esteemed contemporary in its account of a wedding. "From the time the engagement was announced until the service was read." Then, of course, the happy pair were hitched all right.

### LOCAL MARKET REPORT.

Oats..... 30¢ 23¢

Corn—70 lbs. ear..... 24¢ 20¢ 21¢ 00

Hay.....

MILL FEED.

Brain..... 43¢ 00

Headings..... 20¢ 00 23¢ 00

Gluten..... 30¢ 10

Oil Meal per 100 lbs..... 1 65

Chickens per 100 lbs..... 1 35

Hogs—Live weight..... 4 50

Hogs—Dressed..... 6 50

POULTRY.

Turkeys..... 10c

Ducks..... 9c

Geese..... 8 50c

Chickens—Live weight..... 6







# Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## CHAPTER XII.

When Hackett entered the cool and shaded hotel he saw a sight which surprised him more than a little. The sober and respectable Ned Blane was there alone, at that hour of the morning; and what was more, he had a glass of spirits and water before him.

"Hello, Ned!" said the newcomer, "I didn't know you did that sort of thing so early."

Blane gave him no answer, and walking into the stone-paved hall, stood there with his back turned to his successful rival. Hackett shrugged his shoulders and smiled meaningfully at the landlady, and nodded his head in Blane's direction.

"Changing his ways a little, isn't he?" "It isn't my place to talk, Mr. Hackett," said the elderly landlady, "but I'm sorry to see it, and I'd a deal rather not have his custom than have it. I like the young gentleman well to himself, but we him comin' here too often. I'd say the same to you if I thought there was any use in it."

"Don't cry bad fish, Mrs. Warden," cried Will, with that captivating laugh of his. And taking up a bemused and tattered copy of last week's Journal, he turned to the page on which the name of Ned Blane was printed.

In due time Ned Blane arrived with the baggage, received his pay and lingered at the portal to watch the arrival of the omnibus, which was naturally an event of unemployed people.

Blane stood stolidly in the vestibule as if he awaited Hackett's departure, and the latter lifted his eyes from the dog-eared Journal a score of times to look at him through the window.

Now Mrs. Hackett's walk had lasted for perhaps an hour, and when she re-entered the house, full of grave and tender thoughts, the maid handed a note to her, and she, without so much as looking at it, carried it absently upstairs into her bedroom.

The aspect of the place recalled her from her reverie at once. Two or three disordered drawers were stacked one upon the other on the floor, and a hundred articles were lying loosely scattered on the bed. She stood for a moment in wonder, and then, her eyes falling upon the note, she saw that its superscription was "Mr. Hackett."

She tore the letter open and made herself mistress of its contents at a glance.

What did this clandestine departure mean? Was Will deserting her? Had he enjoyed her from the house in order to get away in secret? She shrank from the fancy, and pushed it away from her.

With all her force she would not give her house to so terrible an imagination for a second. But the door was locked too late. The thought had found an entrance and insisted on remaining, let her blind her eyes to it as she might. She ran hurriedly downstairs and questioned the maid.

Her suspicions were confirmed by what the servant told her. The maid left her, and she stood for a little while quite still, looking straight before her with the letter in hand; and then, suddenly rousing herself, she left the house and walked at a brisk pace towards the town.

She would understand this strange procedure—and once it was her right to understand it. Will had evidently known before he advised her to leave the house, with all those false caresses and all that pretended gentleness, that he was going to leave her. She drew her figure unconsciously upright, and trod the pavement like an indignant queen.

But while she was yet at a considerable distance from the main road, she heard the sound of the bus wheels. She was wont to be conservative of her dignity, and at ordinary times would have thought it quite a disgraceful boyish thing to run in the streets; but this was a moment to banish small scruples, and she ran her hardest.

Hackett was averaging on the steps of the hotel, delaying to mount the bus until the last moment, and Ned Blane was watching him with eyes of hatred and contempt. Will, who was smiling along the street, turned pale suddenly, and made an active dash for the bus. Blane strode down the vestibule, and looked out sardonically for the emissary of law.

The whip cracked, the bus went off in a cloud of dust; and Mrs. Hackett came to a standstill in the middle of the street and, turning, retraced her steps. Blane burst into a great laugh, which sounded so oddly that the little crowd of idlers stared at him. His merriment and anger for a space remarkable for its brevity, and he looked back surlily and almost fiercely at the people who looked at him, and went back into the hotel.

## CHAPTER XIII.

John Hackett, builder and timber merchant, was a small man who mistook himself for a big one. He weighed a hundred pounds, or thereabouts, and walked with a solid and stolid determination as if he weighed two hundred pounds.

The summer air in the neighborhood of Hackett's house was fragrant with the scent of pine boards, and the spitting noise made by a circular saw, which bit its steam-driven way through timber in a great shed in the rear of the house, was like the sound of a prodigious wasp in a prodigious passion.

The builder stood, with his shoulders squared and his nose in the air, at his own gate, caressing with the finger and thumb of his right hand a chin shaven as clean as a new-laid egg, whilst his left hand toyed with a bunch of seals.

When a thing happened to another man the builder knew how to regard it with an eye of tolerable shrewdness, and could estimate its proportions as accurately as the general run of men could. But when a thing happened to himself, it took so different a color from any it could possibly have worn in occurring to another that his judgment became per-

haps a trifle confused. It will Hackett had married another man's daughter, and had run away from her after a mere three months of married life. Howarth, not being quite so adamant as he fancied himself, would have pitied the man, and have thought the posture of affairs unhappy. But since it was his daughter who was deserted by her husband, the fact had little more effect upon him than to make him feel that he was, if possible, of greater importance than ever in the town and an object of profounder interest.

Whilst he stood sunning himself in a comely rectitude, which made him feel positively benevolent toward the world at large, he heard a footstep, and, turning to the left, saw Hepzibah approaching him with a basket on her arm. He made himself a little bigger than usual, and stepped ponderously into the road. Hepzibah, at once, displayed an inclination toward a detour, and struck out to the middle of the horse road. Howarth, comfortably understanding that a person of Hepzibah's social position would naturally be humble in his presence, took a step or two into the horse road to encourage her in accosting him. Bolder Hepzibah's humility or her desire to avoid the hoarse of passing a "good morning" with the builder, bent her back to the footpath. Howarth, by a sort of majestic chance, returned to the footpath also, just in time to intercept the stout domestic.

"Morning!" he said. "Fine weather if it holds."

Hepzibah, thus arrested, stopped short, with an eminently unconventional aspect. "Yes, the weather's right enough."

"Ah," said Howarth, "it's fine likely weather, and it's pushin' the fruit on beautiful."

He lifted the edge of the snowy napkin which partially covered the contents of Hepzibah's basket, and contentedly selecting a particularly ripe gooseberry, tasted it and nodded approval.

"I suppose," he asked, "you've been up to Mother Jordan's garden for these?"

"That's so," said Hepzibah, making a movement to get past him.

"How's the young master?" asked Howarth. "I've heard say as he's got a medal of some sort for savin' Sandrah Randall's life. Is that true?"

"He's got the medal right enough," said Hepzibah, with the same forbidding aspect, "and dear enough it might be cost him."

"Yes, yes," assented Howarth. "Dear enough it might be cost him, to be sure. It's a valiant deed, is young Blane's, and a fine feller altogether. Between you and me," he continued, taking out his confidential stop, "it's begun to seem to me to be a bit of a pity as I hadn't found that out earlier."

"Oh!" said Hepzibah, shifting her basket from one arm to the other and looking straight before her. "That's come to be the opinion of a good many people, let me tell you."

"That's likely, too," said Howarth; "there's few men o' sense as I'm not at one with in regard to most questions."

"It's a pity you weren't at one with most men o' sense w' regard to that question some months ago, Mr. Howarth," returned Hepzibah.

"I suppose folks are a-talkin'," said the builder.

"They generally are," replied Hepzibah, "about one thing or another. There's some on 'em," she added, making a forward move, again, "as has got nothin' better to do."

"What are they saying now?" asked Howarth, lifting up the napkin again and selecting another gooseberry.

"Ask 'em," returned Hepzibah, grimly; "there's some on 'em I'll tell you."

"Very well," said Howarth. "I ask the first I come across. I ask you."

"Oh, well," replied Hepzibah, omnisciently, "when a thing's asked for, it don't take much of a bold face 't' offer it, Mr. Howarth. They're saying the most of 'em—since you will have it—as it's nigh on a fortnight now since your daughter's husband left the place. They're saying you let the poor thing marry a villain with your eyes open. And they're saying as you and your wife are at odds, for it's the weight of my mind as I'd a deal rather have of than on it, and I'll say good mornin'!"

Therewith Hepzibah departed, bolt upright and Howarth, with his finger and thumb at his clean-shaven chin, looked after her with an expression altogether piteous and crestfallen.

## CHAPTER XIV.

It was essential that Mr. Howarth's spiritual barrel organ should grind out a tune of which could approve. If anything occurred to disarrange the machinery, there was nothing easier in the world than to find a new tune and to persuade himself that it was no more than a natural variation of the old one.

In face of Hepzibah's news his sentiments were once become fatherly, and he was completely aware that he had been fatherly all along, and had only waited for a propitious moment to declare his benevolent intentions. It had hitherto been his opinion that it was Mary's place to come to him; he knew now that it had been his opinion all along that it was his place to go to her—after waiting, as a matter of course, quite properly until now.

Seeing things thus clearly, he walked round to the back of the house, to save the trouble of admitting himself by the front door, and encountered Mrs. Howarth in the kitchen.

"Panny Ann," said Mr. Howarth, "I'm tuckin' it's about time we were

down street and took a look at Mary. We've had no news of her now for tub a fortnight, and it's nigh on that time since that young villain of a Hackett cut and let her."

"All right," said Mrs. Howarth, "I could ha' told you how that match would ha' turned out all along. I could ha' told you what would ha' come o' that there marriage. You was full o' it. You was all for marryin' the girl to a gentleman. And where's your gentleman now, John? Ah, where's he?"

"That's just what I should like to know," responded Mrs. Howarth, posing himself in vivid consciousness of his own physical majesty. "I should like to have my hand on that young villain's collar."

"And them as was there would see how that'd end," said the wife.

"End?" said the incensed father. "And how would it end?"

"It'd end," replied Mrs. Howarth, "satisfy venturin' on prophesy, in respect to this extremely improbable contingency. 'Till his borrowin' five dollars, an' the two of you sittin' down to drink together."

"It'd end," her husband declared, with a solemn and impressive gesture of the right hand, "in the setting, the soundest horse-whippin' one man ever gave another."

"You'd ha' took no notice of anything I might ha' said, John," she continued. "And that's why I kep' silence. But we'll go and see the girl if you think as a father, I best, though, for my part, I don't see what's to come o' it."

"That'll come on it, anyhow," said Howarth, venturing into the domain of candor, if with one foot only. "I've waited as long as I think fit to wait, and now our goin' all stop the tongues as are beginnin' to wag again, us Panny Ann."

"It was Mary's place to ha' come to us, John," said Mrs. Howarth.

"There," returned her husband, "you and me's at one. It was her place to come to us, but since her has not thought fit to do so, we must make it our place to go to her. Get your things on, and we'll go down at once."

When Mrs. Howarth had made her preparations, the pair walked down the street, together, and Howarth noticed, though his wife did not, that their progress toward their daughter's house, and their arrival at its door, created a considerable amount of public interest.

Now, almost at the moment when Howarth arrested Hepzibah on her homeward walk, his daughter had found her way to the actual borders of despair. There had been no further news from her husband, and, of course, no further remittance from him. The little maid's monthly wage happened to be payable that day, and it also happened that the provisions of the house were so far reduced that they would last for the day only.

To keep the maid under these conditions was an obvious impossibility. To dismiss her at a moment's warning without an equivalent for notice in the way of salary was equally impossible. So Mary Hackett's last dollar went to the rose-cheeked maid.

"You can go to-night after ten," said the mistress, "and here are your wages."

The maid, partly understanding the position, began to cry.

"I have no fault to find with you," her mistress continued, "and I shall be glad to give you a good character; but I have no further need of you, and—"

She was about to say that she could not maintain her longer, but pride forbade that; she bowed, and she left the girl to form her own conclusions.

It was almost immediately on the top of this scene that her father and mother presented themselves. Mrs. Howarth's was not, perhaps, much of a motherly heart to go home to, but it was the only refuge she was likely to find, and she would have gone to it, had it not been for the fact that she had made up her mind that she would be the person injured in this melancholy business, and the one creature to be commiserated, entered with a mien so dolefully resigned and so inapprehensive of sympathy that her daughter's footsteps were arrested half way toward her, and Mary stood still in what she felt to be a tempest of accusation.

Howarth, with one hand at his ear and another at his chin, made himself as large as he could, and looked about him as if he gazed upon a scene of open desolation.

(To be continued.)

Needed a Change. When the tired man entered the office, says the Philadelphia Ledger, he told the doctor he did not know what ailed him, but he needed treatment; he was pretty well worn out.

The physician put on his eyeglasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest and listened to the beating of his heart. "Same old story!" exclaimed the doctor, who was of the new school of fresh air. "Men can't live lived up in an office or house. No use trying. Now I could make myself a corpse, as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down here and did not stir."

"I—," began the patient.

"You must have fresh air," broke in the doctor. "You must take long walks, and brace up by staying out of doors. Now I could make a drug store out of you and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

"But, doctor—," interrupted the man.

"Now, my dear man, don't argue the question. Just take my advice. Take long walks every day—several times a day—and get your blood into circulation."

"But my business," said the patient.

"Of course, your business prevents it; everybody says that. Just change your business so you will have to walk more. By the way, what is your business?"

"I'm a letter carrier," meekly replied the patient.

"Quite the thing. I want my stationery to be attractive and appropriate," said the man who was starting a collection agency.

"How about a light blue paper," suggested the printer.

"I had thought of gray."

"Well, that's so—dark color would be appropriate."—Philadelphia Press.

Happiness for many a woman depends upon her ability to stir up trouble among her neighbors.

# ILLINOIS STATE NEWS

## SLAIN IN LONELY WOOD.

Unknown Man Murdered Near Monmouth and Suspect Arrested. Burned to a crisp, the body of a murdered man was found in a lonely wood nine miles southeast of Monmouth.

The assailant, after striking the fatal blow on a right temple, flung the body between two trees, hoping to cover the evidence of his crime, but the effort proved futile.

The body was found by a farm hand before the flames had entirely accomplished their work. Sheriff's posse from Warren and Knox counties were soon on the hunt for the murderer.

Footprints were traced to Galesburg, where a stranger bought a ticket for Streator. On arrival there he was arrested on suspicion of being the murderer.

He gave the name of Peter Doewick, but denies all knowledge of the crime. A veil of mystery shrouds the crime. Down in one of the loneliest spots in Warren County the body was found.

The finders destroyed most of the dead man's clothing and were slowly charring the body. A big gash in the right temple told the story. Coroner Eberle and Sheriff Bruner of Monmouth were soon on the ground and a coroner's jury was hastily sworn.

All effort to learn the identity of the dead man or of his assailant failed. When taken in custody by the Streator officials the suspect had on a pair of gloves which had been almost destroyed by fire. His coat, a steel-gray hunting coat, was burned in several places. In his possession were found two dog watches and some money.

MANUFACTURE LAW POPULAR. Since New Law Went Into Effect Leases Take Advantage of It.

The number of petitions in bankruptcy filed in the United States District Court in Chicago reached the 10,000 mark the other day. Statistics gathered by Thomas C. MacMillan, clerk of the court, reveal some interesting information.

Since the bankruptcy law went into effect in August, 1898, there have been 7,000 discharges, or cases in which settlements were made. Under the law preceding the bankruptcy law which went into effect in 1898, expiring in 1878, only half as many persons sought relief from their debts.

As the law in the last five years under the new law. The popularity of the bankruptcy law is rapidly gaining. Present indications point to an increase in business after the beginning of the new year, because of labor troubles and a desire of those in debt to start in the year anew.

The northern district of Illinois handles more bankruptcies than any other district in the United States, and one-eighth of the business of the entire country. Judge Koblesat is also in charge of the Peoria district, the southern branch of the northern district, in which court 600 petitions in bankruptcy have been filed.

SON MAY BE THE ASSASSIN. Mount Carmel Officials Think Mystery of Mrs. Lacer's Death Is Solved.

The mystery of the murder of Mrs. Adam Lacer, who was shot last night by a hidden assassin, who fired through the window at her as she sat at the supper table, appears to have been solved and the supposed murderer is now in jail.

The man who is accused of the crime is William Lacer, son of the murdered woman. The coroner's jury accused James F. Remsnith, her farmer son-in-law, of the crime, but it was found he had been in Nebraska for three weeks. Suspicion then settled on the son.

Upon investigation the evidence appeared so damaging that he was arrested. Lacer is 38 years old. He is married, but has no children. He has always borne a good reputation and has never been in trouble before.

AGED WOMAN IS MURDERED. Some One Steals Up Behind Mrs. Lacer and Fires Bullet Into Brain.

While sitting at a supper table in her home at Cottage Corner, near Mt. Carmel, Mrs. Adam Lacer, an aged woman, was shot and killed Sunday evening. The bullet was fired through a window glass.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict charging James Remsnith, former husband of the daughter of the dead woman, with the crime. Explanation of the strange verdict delivered by the jury has been made. It is declared that James F. Remsnith, former husband of Mrs. Lacer's daughter, who has been in Kansas for the past three weeks, was charged with the murder because the members of the jury believed he had criminal knowledge that the deed was about to be committed.

DECISION ON TAX LEVY WANTED. Surplus from Present Year Worries the State Officials.

A question has been raised regarding the amount of revenue to be raised by the State of Illinois under the act of the last General Assembly. The contention is as to whether the State should raise \$4,500,000 or \$5,500,000 to meet the expenses of the State government next year.

The Legislature last spring provided for appropriations aggregating \$5,500,000 a year. Gov. Yates vetoed appropriation measures sufficient to reduce the amount for the next year to \$4,500,000. The question is whether the tax commission has authority to make a corresponding reduction in the tax levy or whether the money shall be collected and left in the State treasury. Attorney General has been asked to decide.

JOLIET HAS \$40,000 FIRE LOSS. Plant of the Adam Steel and Wire Company Destroyed.

The Adam Steel and Wire Company plant in Joliet was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$40,000. The fire is believed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion in the coal bins. The fire department was handicapped by the cold and the long distance to the fire.

Alas was secured from the private water plant of the Great Western Cereal Company, but too late to save any of the buildings. The plant was engaged principally in the manufacture of steel cases for Joliet and Philadelphia. The insurance amounted to \$10,000.

## Estate News in Brief.

Kathleen O'Connell was found frozen to death near Sandville.

W. J. Bryan has purchased the home-stand where he was born in Salem.

D. Langdon, a player on the Panama baseball team, was killed in that city in a row over a poker game.

Mr. and Mrs. William Murray, prominent residents of Pana, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Corn Cathoon, colored, was burned to death in trying to save her trunk from a burning dwelling house at Mount City.

John McCue, the supposed leader of the murderers of George Gatzvold at Preppert, was arrested near Mount Pleasant.

A hunter from Belleville had a dispute with G. H. Seidel, a prominent citizen living near Aviston. The hunter shot Seidel, who died instantly.

Nicholas Albertson of Princeton, Ill., walked into the shaft of the Wm. Coal Company south of Kewanee and was killed. He fell 120 feet.

Frank Mansfield, a farmer, was found dead in a plowed field near Witt. He had a bad gash across his temple and it is thought that he was victim of foul play.

Aurora miners' union has been sued by M. M. Trauten for \$5,000 damages because of alleged strike threats which prevent his securing work as non-member.

Otto Schroeder, widely known in the athletic and sporting circles, died in Bloomington, aged 35. He was the former manager of the Bloomington team in the "Three L" League.

On the eve of her golden wedding, for the celebration of which extensive plans had been made, Mrs. Miles Barber, wife of one of Henry County's early settlers, suddenly died at Kewanee.

In the Circuit Court at Aurora mandamus proceedings were brought by the drainage commissioners of Kendall County to compel the Burlington Railroad to build a bridge over a creek.

Before Justice Dixon, a negro justice of the peace, in Cairo, James Rains, C. C. Bailey, James Bester, Bryant Davis and Lieut. J. F. Parker, citizens of Thebes, charged with being parties to the lynching of William Johnson, colored, last spring, were discharged, as the evidence against them was not sufficient.

What is believed to have been a plot to wreck and rob an Illinois Central train was discovered at Rock Island. Edward Fitzgerald, a section boss, found a ten-gallon can of giant powder hid in some brush near the carbox on the right of way. Seven strangers were ordered out of town Saturday, and the authorities believe they brought the powder.

Two little girls were burned to death in a cottage at 1015 Woodland avenue, Chicago, and the mother, who had locked them in while she went calling, is nearly insane from grief. When she reached her burning house she tried to rush into the fire to save them. The victims are Barbara, 4 years old, and Mary, 2 years old, children of Michael Kondas.

Mrs. Rosetta Checkfield died in Burrker Hill. Her ill health was the cause of the family leaving St. Louis a few days before the fatal accident. The shock resulting from the poisoning and tragic death of her 6-year-old son, Elbert Checkfield, a few weeks after the family moved, almost caused her death at the time. She rallied to a degree, but is said to have slowly grieved to death.

Representatives of the mechanical department of the entire Rock Island system assembled in East Moline the other day where the Rock Island is spending \$400,000 in erecting the largest engine and car repair plant in the world.

The occasion was the turning on of power for the plant, which, so far as completed, was put in operation Jan. 1. The plant will supersede the plants at Rock Island and at various points on the main line and southwest branches.

Fire presumably of incendiary origin destroyed the grain elevator at the Corn Mill distillery in Peoria, with a loss of approximately \$40,000 covered by insurance. Fifty thousand bushels of malt and corn were destroyed. For a time the distillery was threatened and the entire department was called out to fight the flames. The distillery was preparing to resume after a shutdown of several days caused by the explosion of a cook, which killed seven of the workmen and injured several more.

Suit has been begun in the Circuit Court in Waukegan to break the will of the late Mrs. Mary Hitchcock, who left an estate of about \$150,000 almost entirely to her sons, C. B. Porter of Chicago and J. H. Porter of Waukegan. The children of Mr. Hitchcock, W. D. Hitchcock, Harry Hitchcock, and Chas. E. Porter, were disinherited, and as it is claimed, most of the estate came from Mr. Hitchcock's property and work, they seek to break the will and secure what they consider their rightful share.

Peter Decowski has been held to the grand jury accused of the murder of an unidentified man whose body was found near Monmouth, partially cremated. The suspect claims to have gone to Chicago from Poland four years ago, and gave he was employed by the Northwestern Railroad, boarding until last August at 70 Front street. The only clew is a gold watch, which the prisoner says he bought from John Kochman of Chicago. Part of the chain is missing, and a similar part was found near the murdered man.

C. F. Drew, general manager of the Coal Belt Electric Railway, with headquarters in Chicago, was found dead in his bed at the Excelsior Hotel in Harrisburg. A revolver was lying nearby. It was at first supposed to be a case of suicide, but investigation instituted later indicates that the man was murdered.

Upon close examination the hole in his head is found to be of triangular shape, very unlike a hole made by a bullet, and a bullet was found imbedded in the wall over his head. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased "came to his death by a gunshot wound from a revolver in the hands of some person unknown to us."

## PNEUMONIA GRIP ON CHICAGO.

Disease Breaks All Records, 11,128 Deaths in Last Six Weeks.

Pneumonia is breaking all records in Chicago, according to the bulletins of the Board of Health. The disease is particularly rampant in the city without precedent and it maintained, says the bulletin, will result in more than 6,000 deaths in the six months from Nov. 1 to April 1.

The department predicted Nov. 1 that there would be an increase in deaths from this cause to about 2,100 in the six months, but in six weeks past there have been 1,128 deaths from pneumonia, with the first four months of the pneumonia season yet to come. Says the bulletin: "During the last fourteen years, 1890-1903, covering the period of the great increase of pneumonia, the following have been the daily average deaths from the disease:

January ..... 117 daily ..... 2.1  
February ..... 120 ..... 3.3  
March ..... 120 ..... 3.4  
April ..... 120 ..... 3.4  
May ..... 120 ..... 3.4  
June ..... 120 ..... 3.4  
Last November, 1903, the daily average was 11.1—an increase of 78 per cent over that of the previous thirteen years, and for the first twenty-six days of December the daily average was 14.3—an increase of 90 per cent over the previous December average."

PROMINENT ELGIN MAN. Will Be Elected President of Local Board of Trade.

John Newman, whom the directors of the Elgin Board of Trade will elect to the presidency of that body, is a leading financier and business man who is prominent in extending the industries of the city. He is president of the Elgin City Banking Association and a stockholder in the First National Bank. Mr. Newman was born in Hertfordshire, England, but came to this country when a boy.

Arriving in Elgin in 1854, he embarked in the mercantile business and achieved success. He has taken some interest in politics, has been president of the Board of Education, and also served as trustee of the northern hospital for the insane. He is a promoter of many social, musical and charitable associations.

STATE TAX RATE IS RAISED. Despite Governor Yates Levy of 52 Cents on \$100 Is Fixed.

The State tax rate for 1903, as fixed by the act of the General Assembly, is 52 cents on \$100 of assessed value of taxable property in the State. The action of the State tax commissioners, however, is not unanimous. Gov. Yates stood out for a lower rate, but was outvoted by Treasurer Busse and Auditor McNichols. The Governor did not propose any definite rate, but declined to sign the certificate for 52 cents. He will file a protest in which he will maintain that this rate will produce far more revenue than actually required for State purposes. It is understood that the Governor desired a rate of 45 cents, claiming that it would bring enough money to take care of all appropriations and leave a working balance of not less than \$1,500,000 in the treasury at all times. This amount, he contends, is all that is necessary. Of the 52-cent rate fixed, 41.8 cents is for revenue and 10.2 cents for school purposes.

REVEREND KNIGHT ARDEN LACE. Suit for Divorce at Virginia Against Man Long Supposed Dead.

A strange story is revealed by the bringing in Virginia of a divorce suit against a man who since the close of the Civil War has been believed to be dead. His supposed widow, the complainant in the case, remarried more than twenty years ago and has a family by her second husband. She believed until recently that her first husband had been killed in battle. In 1881 Burdett Pickle left his young bride and went to war, enlisting from Cass County. Another Cass County soldier was Andrew Morgan. The latter returned, but Pickle did not come back and word was received from the front that he had been killed. A few years later Mrs. Pickle married Morgan and they have lived together in ignorance of the fact that Pickle was alive.

ENDS SEARCH FOR CONVICT. James Larkin, Who Violated His Parole in 1897 Is Caught.

A search of seven years, which has been made by the police throughout the country for James Larkin, who, the police say, violated his parole in 1897 from the Joliet penitentiary, terminated when the man was arrested by Sgt. Madden and Detectives Bonner and Barry in Chicago. When Larkin was taken to the Desplaines street police station he denied his identity and declared his name was James Farrell. Later the police identified the man by circulars sent to the police in a short time after he violated his parole. Larkin, according to the police authorities, was



# THE NEWS

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

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ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

As far as they are wise men and patriots the democratic Senators will vote for the Panama treaty. But when they have done so, what issues will they have left for next fall. Will they mount the oratorical stump and expatiate on the necessity of destroying the American tariff? Will they try to resurrect the silver issue, and carry banners inscribed with the well remembered motto "16 to 19"? Will they hang all their hopes on the probability of convincing the American voter that there is no such thing as prosperity, that working men in this country are worse off than they are in Russia and that conditions are growing constantly worse under Republican management? What will they do for an issue? Will they not be poverty stricken indeed?

In view of the Ohio Campaign, the Chicago Tribune's Washington correspondent remarks: "Senator Hanna's personal popularity was so great, and the meetings he addressed so pronouncedly Republican that he would have been applauded if he had advocated a scheme for propagation and spread of typhoid fever." Is this an eulogy of the Republican party or of Hanna, or of both.

Senator Hoar makes a good many inquiries, but he means well. He merely wants to know, you know, Yankee fashion. His principal classic favorite is Socrates, who sauntered around from door to door bothering his Athenian neighbors with conundrums and interfering with their work.

Dr. Parkhurst predicted that the lid of Hades would be blown off in New York this week. It was probably a figure of speech to indicate the disgruntlement of those Tammany politicians who have not been slated for appointment to office under McClellan.

The entire property of a trust capitalized at \$100,000,000 was sold at auction last week for \$4,500,000, less than a twentieth of its alleged value. This looks as if President Roosevelt's "publicity" panacea was working to some extent, doesn't it?

It will fill Mr. Richard Croker with various bitter feelings to see Mr. Bourke Cochran in Congress again. Did not Tammany turn him out and sit down on him and decree that he should never rise again?

Judging from the way the democratic papers speak of the relations of Platt and Odell in New York, one would infer that they were hunting for each other with their hands in their hip-pockets.

William Jennings Bryan has bought his father's old homestead at Salem Ill. He will perhaps bequeath it to the State to exhibit as the place where a candidate for the presidency was born.

Democratic House leader, John Sharp Williams, speaks of the "hasty partition" of the Panama Republic. And he talks as if he thought Uncle Sam was its mother.

The Crown Prince of China will visit the United States next fall, to witness the election of a Republican President and a Harvard boat race.

Mr. Bryan seems to have some success in Europe, interviewing kings and things.

**No More "Ricksaw" Men.**  
Japan is finding that electric traction and the "ricksaw" are incompatible and the result is that over 2,000 human horses in Tokyo have given up the unequal struggle with the electric car and have decided to emigrate in a body to the Hokkaido, there to engage in the fisheries and other callings. It seems a pity, for there are few pleasanter ways of traveling on a good road than behind a couple of stalwart runners who do their eight miles an hour with ease. From the national point of view the disappearance of the "ricksaw" men may have important consequences. In physique they form almost a class apart and though their calling does not conduce to longevity they were a valuable asset in Japan's military system, as they proved in the war with China.

**Appealed to Satan.**  
Dean Pigou tells in his new book of anecdotes the story of the little girl who was much upset by a maiden aunt and posted in a hole in the garden a letter in these terms: "Dear Mr. Satan: Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person and does worry me so. Yours affectionately, Alice."

**Statistics for Lovers.**  
An expert mathematician has figured it out that if two lovers spent four hours together and the lover takes or receives 200 kisses, and each kiss takes ten seconds, in five years' time the lover would have had 885,000 kisses, and their lips would have been dulled for the space of forty-six days and six hours.

## WAS WORTH MORE DEAD.

Matter of Business Prevented Tramp From Saving Friend.  
The train had slowed down as it approached a river and the man in the seat nearest the window noticed a sign on a post near the bridge.

"That is a good idea," he said to his estimate. They offer \$25 reward to anyone who rescues a drowning man." "Yes, that is all right," replied the other. "The sign reminds me of a similar one out West. Two tramps were counting then when they saw it. One of the tramps could swim and the other could not. The one who was able to swim turned to the other. 'Do you want to make some money?' he asked."

"The reply was an affirmative, of course."

"Well, then," replied the other, "you jump in and I will rescue you and we will divide the rescue money."

A few minutes later the tramp who could not swim was struggling in the water. He cried for help, but the other was looking at the sign and paying no attention to him. The cries for help grew louder as the tramp sank for the second time. Then the other turned from the sign and shouted to the one in the water:

"You have got to drown, Bill," he said. "I did not notice it before, but that sign says there is a \$50 reward for recovering dead bodies."

"Since that affair the sign has been removed."

## Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.



A sample will be sent free upon request.  
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.  
**SCOTT'S BOWNE, CHEMISTS,**  
409 Pearl St., N. Y.  
50c. and \$1. all druggists.

## MADE WHISTLER HIS FRIEND.

Mark Twain's Experience with the Irascible Painter.  
Mark Twain described recently his first meeting with James McNeill Whistler.

"I was introduced to Mr. Whistler," he said, "in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get the better of him, if possible. So at once I put on my most hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing."

"That ain't bad," I said. "It ain't bad, only here in this corner"—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. "Id' do away with that cloud if I was you."

"Whistler cried nervously: 'Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?'" "Oh, that don't matter," said I. "I've got my gloves on."

"We got on well together after that."

**Not So Bad as Appeared.**  
Senator Lodge possesses a sense of humor, but certain committee clerks at the capitol think it a grim one.

One day toward the end of the special session of the senate last spring the clerks in question, who were working in a room just off that of Mr. Lodge, were astonished by the sudden appearance of the Massachusetts senator.

"Who's smoking that nasty cigar?" demanded Mr. Lodge, peremptorily.

The guilty man afterward said that at the time he felt like sinking through the floor. But he managed to gasp out an apology and made as if to throw away the offending smoke. "Oh, it's you, is it?" said the senator calmly. "Well, I'll thank you to give me one; there isn't a single cigarette in my room!"

## Dark and Stormy Weather.

I love the dark and stormy day—The beating bough, the broken spray, The swirling and incessant rain, The pealed and dripping window pane, The clouds so dense that one may know For hours and hours it shall be so.

Click, click upon the shining street Go scurrying horses' nimble feet; A lone pedestrian slantwise bent Against the drenching element; No bird or fowl in tree or sky, Torn leaves in tumult driving by, And rolling with a muffled swell A slowly tolling funeral bell.

Where now the throngs on pleasure bent, The eager step, the pressed intent? They must await the sunlight-ray; Storm has no path for such as they. And fancy now her wand may wave; And with the twilight comes to view Night closing in on Waterloo.

—Century.

## The Little Mountain Maid

By Dorothy G. Clark

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They were seated on a rustic bench at a fashionable water place. She was a fair woman of 26; he a tall, dark, handsome man of 30.

"I want to tell you the story of my life, Miss Arlington," he was saying. "I don't suppose it will prove interesting to you, but I have a selfish desire for your opinion after I have finished. I will not tire you with details, but will state as briefly as possible the principal facts. I shall picture to you a dirty, ill-clad, ill-fed boy, who knew nothing of schools nor books, at the age of thirteen. My mother died when I was quite small, and I stayed with my father, whose business was working one of those numerous stills in the mountains of Tennessee, and dodging the revenue officers, when he was not too drunk to do so. My duty was to scout around and warn him if danger threatened; and for my faithfulness I received both kicks and threats. At last he was killed while defending the still, and I was left alone—a family took me to work for my board, but the treatment I received at their hands was more than I could stand, so one night I went away. All night I ran through the darkness; every noise increased my terror lest I should be overtaken and carried back. After sunrise I crept into a thick clump of pines some distance from the road, and with my bundle for a pillow I fell asleep. Several hours later I was awakened by a little girl bending over me."

"Where'd youns kim from?" she asked calmly, as I opened my eyes. I bounded to my feet, expecting that I was about to be captured and taken back, but there was no one else in sight. "What youns 'fraid of, boy?" she asked.

After she had repeatedly assured me that she had not "seed anyone after me, and she knowed her pa and ma would not let me go if anyone came for me," and I had cautiously peered behind nearly every tree in the vicinity, I told her my story. I at once enlisted her sympathy, which was sweet to me, as it was the first I had ever known.

"When my story was finished, she came close to me, and, patting my cheek with her little brown hand, told me again how very sorry she was, and assured me that I was safe as long as I stayed there, and that if anyone should come she would hide me where 'nobody could't never find me.' She invited me into her play-house, which was nearby, and there we played until the evening shadows began to fall, then I reluctantly resumed my journey. She walked a short distance with me, and saying that she would have her 'par' shoot anyone who might be looking for me, pointed the nearest way to town, and as we parted, said: 'I reckon youns'll hev ter kim back an' marry me w'en youns gits rich,' and I promised her, of course."

"Miss Arlington, that was my first and last experience in childish companionship, and my first taste of the sweetness of human kindness and sympathy. I have never since seen my little mountain girl; but can you wonder that she still has a warm place in my memory?"

Miss Arlington was looking intently at the ground, and made no reply. "In two months' time," he continued.

"I had worked my way to the far west. A few weeks later I found an old man lying in one of the mountain gorges, crushed and bruised. I assisted him to his cabin, procured medical assistance, and nursed him back to health. He was a recluse, and was known as a bad man, but my act completely changed his nature. I had been good to him without any selfish motive, and he felt toward me, as I did toward the little girl back in Tennessee."

"As soon as he was well he adopted me and changed my name, and then

my education began. Being an educated man, the hermit had charge of my studies until I was fitted for college. He molded me according to his own conception of manhood, ever impressing upon me the sin of ingratitude. As boy and man I had talked and thought about the little mountain lass. You have no idea how tender a romance could be built upon a foundation as slender."

"Before I entered college my benefactor told me that I was to be a gentleman; that I had unlimited wealth at my command, and that I must spend money freely for the benefit of others. He had a fortune left him, which had increased rapidly during the years of his seclusion."

"I suggested that I go back to my old place and see if I could do anything for the little girl who had been so kind to me. No act of mine ever pleased him more. I traveled to Tennessee and found that her parents had died some years before, and that she had been adopted by a widow, who had moved to a distant part of the country; but I found no trace that I could follow. I advertised, but to no avail. She has been in my dreams all these years, and I determined never to give up the search until I knew what had become of her. Now for your advice, should I marry before I have found this girl?"

"You certainly should not," she replied.



"I reckon youns'll hev ter kim back an' marry me w'en youns gits rich," she pleaded, raising her eyes for the first time.

"I had hoped for a different answer."

"I can give you no other."

"But she may be married, or dead," he urged.

"You are not sure."

"And perhaps she is as illiterate as the people from which I sprang, and whom I detest for their ignorance and lack of ambition."

"And if she were?"

"I could never marry her. Every man has his ideal. Mine has been the little mountain maid; now, you are my idea of perfect womanhood. Could you not grant my heart's desire by marrying me?"

"Are you sure you would care for me, even if you knew my past?" she asked timidly, after a pause.

"I am sure no other woman will ever hold the place in my heart that you hold. I care nothing for the past if I can have you in the future."

"Shall I tell you of my childhood?"

"If you wish, but it will make no difference." After a long pause he said, "Please do not keep me in suspense."

"You were born in the mountains of Tennessee," she began, "and I, too, was born in the mountains of Tennessee. My parents died when I was a child, and I was adopted by a wealthy lady, a cousin of my mother's, and—"

"Well?"

"I remember the little boy whom I found asleep beneath the pines—"

Her listener started. "You! Miss Arlington!" he exclaimed, lifting her head so that he could look into her eyes. "Are you my little mountain maid?"

"Yes," very faintly.

"My darling!"

**Eagles Carry Off Children.**

Many traditions are extant as to eagles having carried off and devoured children. In the north of England the legend is perpetuated by the name of many an inn, the sign "The Eagle and the Child" being common. The most recent case bearing close scrutiny appears to be one which occurred in South Africa. A Boer farmer, living on the veldt just beyond Barberton, whose stock has been harried by eagles, lay in ambush for the aerial robbers and saw one of them descend and carry off the 5-year-old child of one of his Kaffir servants. He shot the bird, when, with the child still clutched in its grip, fell into a thorn bush. The bird was dead when picked up, but the babe was little hurt. The eagle measured nine feet from tip to tip of the wings. Other stories are told to a similar end, but appear less creditable than this one.

**Cost of Living at Yale.**

The cost of living at Yale varies greatly. This year 66 of the seniors got through the various terms on \$400 or less. Nine spent from \$2,000 to \$2,500, and six spent over \$2,500. There were 110 who spent \$1,000 or less, and 188 who spent over \$1,000.

**A Wonderful Feat.**

"They dew say," said old Mally Proop, as he gazed from the Mountain house's veranda, "that a feller kin see sixty miles off there with a microscope."

**No Names Mentioned.**

If Massachusetts ever has a lynching a rank umpire will have to serve as the referee. Birmingham, Ala., Associated Press.

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# IRISH IN FIRE PANIC

300 People Suffocated and Trampled to Death in Chicago Theater.

Men, Women and Children Die as They Fight to Flee from Fearful Pyre.

Whirlwind of Flame Envelops Balconies, Filled with Holiday Crowds.

Scene of Horror Intensified as Scores Leap to Street or Fall from the Escapes.

Catastrophe Is Said to Have Been Caused by Explosion of a Calcium Light.

Nearly six hundred men, women and children met a fearful death at the new Iroquois Theater in Chicago Wednesday afternoon—tortured and incinerated by fire, suffocated by smoke and gases, and crushed into nothingness by one another while struggling to escape the impending doom.

Hundreds of others are lying between life and death, with limbs broken and burnt, at their homes and in hospitals, while every undertaking establishment in the city was filled with dead bodies, many of which could not be identified.

The disaster, the most appalling of the character that ever has befallen Chicago, occurred in the middle of the matinee performance of "Mr. Blue Beard," with fully 1,800 people in the audience, a large proportion of them women, girls and little children.

A calcium light on a stand six feet above the level of the stage exploded, and in a moment a little streak of flame had caught the tinsel of the stage settings, flooding everything back of the footlights in a wave of fire.

Paulie Seizes the Crowd. Eddie Foy, the chief comedian of the company, stood out from the panic-stricken group on the stage to assure the audience that there was no danger. Even as he spoke the great asbestos curtain was let down, caught on one side and failed to work.

In another instant smoke burst out from the top arch of the stage and from under the bottom of the curtain, and before a man or woman in the seats could rise the whole roof of the auditorium was in a blaze. Two gas tanks exploded in the files on the east side of the theater, and black, choking fumes beat down in a cloud of death from every wall.

That was all. Fear, uncontrollable and terrible, reigned. Men and women fought like wild beasts, filled only with the desire for self-preservation. Little babies slipped from their mothers' uplifted arms and in an instant their lives



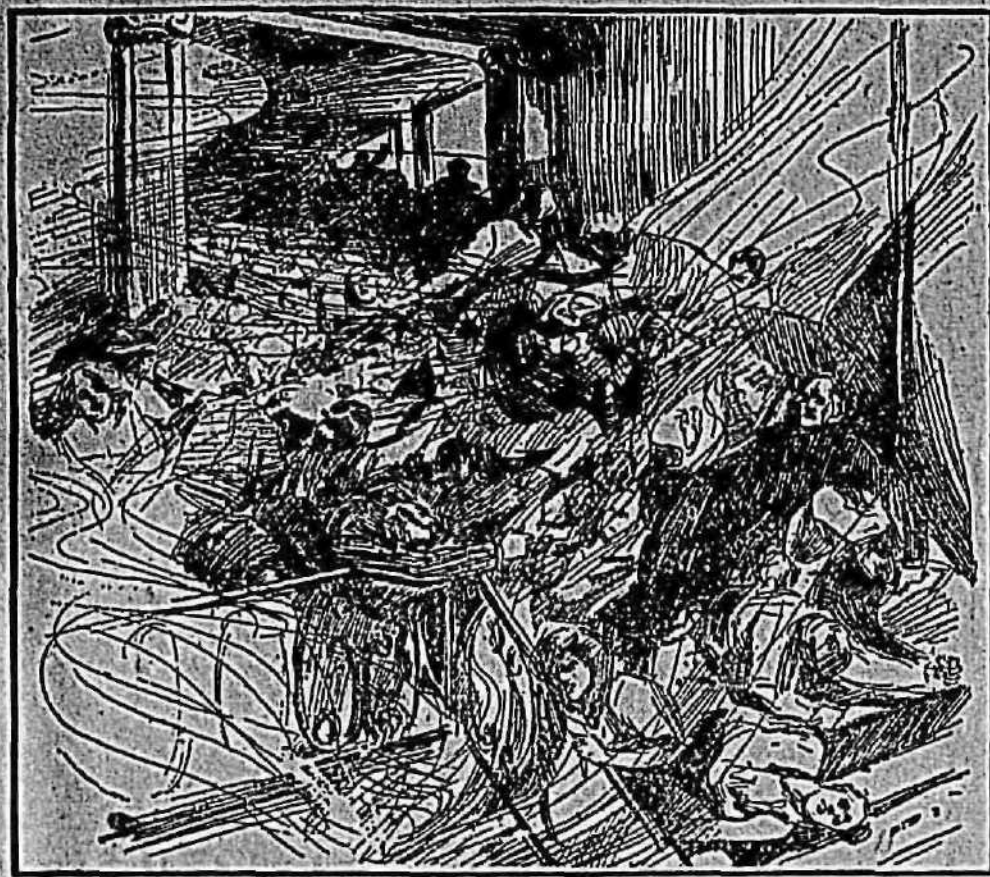
THEATER ENTRANCE.

were crushed under foot. Girls threw themselves from the balconies and lay crushed and dying till suffocation ended their miseries.

Over 1,000 people in the orchestra seats, with easy access to the doors, gradually made their way to safety, but most of them threw aside wraps, pocketbooks, hats—everything that seemed to burden them in their rush for life and the open air. In spite of the panic, in spite of the confusion, hardly all of them were

Upper Floors Death Traps. From the balcony and the gallery the death destruction wrought his frightful work. The flame and smoke from these upper floors caught the people who realized the full danger. It seemed incredible that the rush of fire could lap up the people and reach out after them.

Two large restaurants, one on Randolph and one on Dearborn street, flung their tables and counters on top of one another and laid out great heaps of table linen to be used for bandages for the wounded and coverings for the dead. All the great State street stores threw their main floors open and sent to the theater



DEATH TRAP AT THE MAIN BALCONY EXIT.

The classic outlines of the theater, the beautiful plush hangings, the arched windows with their stained glass, the stately pillars, became a morgue five minutes after the first little ribbon of flame made its way along the stage.

Women and girls in the gallery never had a chance for life. They met the end still seated in their theater chairs, their poor, limp hands burnt into one congealed clinder with the sides of the seats they had grasped when the panic came.

Others who had managed by the strength of terror to get into the aisles found their awful ending in a mingled doom of smoke and fire and tearing of limbs in the passages and the open space back of the seats. Dozens of others, swept, carried, dragged or thrown out to the stairways, and even beyond them down to the landings in actual sight of the daylight that streamed through the big front doors—in sight of the throngs outside, the fire wagons and the smoking horses—died in great masses seven and eight feet high, limbs mingled fearfully together, clothing burnt off and faces caught in their last agonies, all turned toward the doors they could not reach.

From windows at the north and west ends of the building the victims streamed, blinded by the smoke and crazed beyond any possibility of helping themselves further or of taking advantage of the aid extended to them from the upper floors of buildings facing the theater. Ladders, planks, ropes, poles, everything that could possibly serve to assist these poor creatures in their battle for life, were rigged and turned into bridges, but few got across alive.

These things were utilized fifteen minutes after the first alarm to drag the charred bodies across, and over them passed rapidly one blackened corpse after another till every building on the north and west end was filled with them.

Barely five minutes after the first alarm was turned in firemen were struggling into the theater, making their way, in some miraculous manner, through the maddened mob that was pouring out of the auditorium, and doing what little they could, not only to check the fire which was fast turning the whole interior shell into a caldron, but to aid the frantic hundreds in the upper balconies by ladders stretched from the main floor. A few—thirty at most—were rescued in this way, and then the firemen, after controlling the flames, abandoned their lengths of hose to go with the fast gathering police and manfully reach to what waited for them on the upper stairways and in the balcony seats.

Here was no more struggling, no more frantic haste. Hundreds, with homes in every part of the city still showing at their windows Christmas wreaths, still filled with the decorations of the holiday season, lay beyond all thought of worldly things in silent heaps of death.

There were no men, even among those most accustomed to scenes of destruction and mortality, who could approach these fearful, stilled masses calmly. Time and time again they started toward the upper stairways, caught one another by the arms and cried like little children, stunned by the horror of it all.

And still, outside the main entrance to the building, passers-by, attracted by the presence of the fire engines, had no knowledge of the fearful disaster inside. Tens of thousands passed and repassed within a block without knowing it, even hundreds of men stationed in the roadway, were asking one another if there had been any accident, if any among the audience had been badly hurt.

But when from the inside began to stream a procession of firemen, carrying between them the charred remains of those who a little while before had been happy in the enjoyment of an afternoon's pleasure, the scene without changed as if by magic.

From every business street of the city, men, whose wives and families had gone to the matinee, streamed, with white faces and eyes blinded with vit-frozen tears, over to the theater, and screamed like madmen the names of those they were seeking. Many of them found their loved ones safe, but still half crazed, in surrounding stores and hotels; others discovered them among the dead, identified by some particle of dress, a half-charred hair ribbon, a shoe, or a jacket.

Doctors and Nurses Arrive. Soon from every hospital in the city came ambulances, nurses and physicians; priests and Sisters of Mercy stood side by side with surgeons and great bands of women from St. Luke's, the Presbyterian and nearly every other hospital in the city, waiting patiently like soldiers till the moment they should be called on.

Two large restaurants, one on Randolph and one on Dearborn street, flung their tables and counters on top of one another and laid out great heaps of table linen to be used for bandages for the wounded and coverings for the dead. All the great State street stores threw their main floors open and sent to the theater

they were deposited on the sidewalks and in every building in the neighborhood. Here and there, men up in the gallery entrances could hear underneath the tangled masses, a faint moan—the despairing signal of some unfortunate for succor. Then, tearing, struggling at the blackened mass to penetrate it and effect a rescue, they labored cursing and crying. Some of the still living victims were rescued and taken out in time to be saved. Others died before they could be lifted from the heap of dead; others, while they were being carried down the staircases.

There were a thousand spectacular features about this battle with the destroyer—gallant rescues, joyous reunions, noble labors in relief of pain, unselfish charity that was splendid and spontaneous. But to those who saw that terrible scene, who went it only for a moment up those stairways and among the twisted bodies of those poor victims, the whole story of this swift struggle begins and ends there, and there only. What caused the fire, what property loss was sustained, where the blame, if any, can be placed—what matters it, what can matter, beside that terrible picture on the stairs, that awful blotting out of human lives, that holocaust of cruel death?

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SENDS MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE

The following telegram of condolence from President Roosevelt was received by Mayor Harrison:

"Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago: In common with all our people throughout this land, I extend through you to the people of Chicago my deepest sympathy in the terrible catastrophe which has befallen them."

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT." Telegrams poured in in an avalanche. Among them were messages from Vienna, Liverpool, Philadelphia and Chattanooga and other cities.

## Whole Country Must Heed.

Punishment adequate for the guilt or negligence that permitted such a calamity cannot be conceived. No penalty can atone for it. Not in the spirit of vengeance, but in determination that such a disaster must for the future be made impossible, there must be the most searching investigation of its causes, of the means which may prevent its repetition. When these are found the whole country must heed the lesson—Now York World.



CARRYING OUT THE DEAD AND LOADING BODIES INTO WAGONS.

## CHICAGO'S APPALLING CATASTROPHE.

THE business of amusing people is largely a business of show and glitter. Six hundred dead, hundreds more cruelly maimed and burned, and a great community in mourning, affords impressive proof that the theatrical business has its serious side.

The fire at the Iroquois Theater in Chicago was the most appalling of Chicago's disasters. In loss of life and in horrible details it stands first in the list of calamitous events in the history of the city. More lives were lost in the theater fire than in the Fort Dearborn massacre, in the Lady Elgin disaster, in the burning of Crosby's Opera House, or in the great fire of 1871. More lives were lost in that half hour's panic than in any other hotel or theater fire in recent times.

In the holiday week of 1903, in the most enterprising city of the most progressive of nations, in the newest theater of a city that has given more attention to the building and equipment of amusement halls than any other in the West, occurred one of the most appalling tragedies of the age. The death toll is larger than that of a bloody battle, and the horrors of the death struggle of the hundreds who lost their lives were more terrible than any battle.

The disaster was one of the worst of its kind in the history of the world. A holiday audience, composed mainly of women and children, in attendance upon a showy extravaganza, suddenly found itself trapped and in imminent peril of death in a hideous form. With an advancing wave of flame and smoke beating upon them, the terrified people began a desperate rush to escape. The theater is the newest in the city and was supposed to be as nearly fireproof as a theater can be made. The builders had the opportunity to take advantage of every known safety device and to draw upon the lessons of experience in the construction of such buildings in all lands. Presumably equipped with sufficient exits and with every precaution which human intelligence could devise, inspected and approved by city officials, this playhouse showed itself to be only a deathtrap. There was a fireman on the stage, but his efforts, such as they were, amounted to nothing. There was a "fireproof asbestos curtain" which would not work and which seems only to have served to turn the flames more directly upon the audience. There were exits supposed to be adequate, but they were choked and impassable almost upon the instant of the first frenzied rush for safety.

In the presence of this overwhelming disaster Chicago becomes a house of woe. From end to end of the city there are sorrowing families. Children are gone and with them the fond elders, who, in the spirit of holiday cheer, had accompanied them to an entertainment of music, spectacle and comedy peculiarly appropriate to the season. The fate of those who are gone and the grief of those who are bereaved compels the tendered utterance of sympathy. The whole country bows with Chicago in this her hour of sorrow.

## STARTED BY SPARKS.

Electric Arc Light Ignites Gauzy Stage Draperies. The fire originated from sparks from one of the electric arc lights which hung in the first entrance back of the proscenium arch, just behind the drapery on the south side of the stage. These were in use at the time to throw "spot" lights on the performers during the moonlight scene. One of the sparks striking upon the drapery hanging from the top

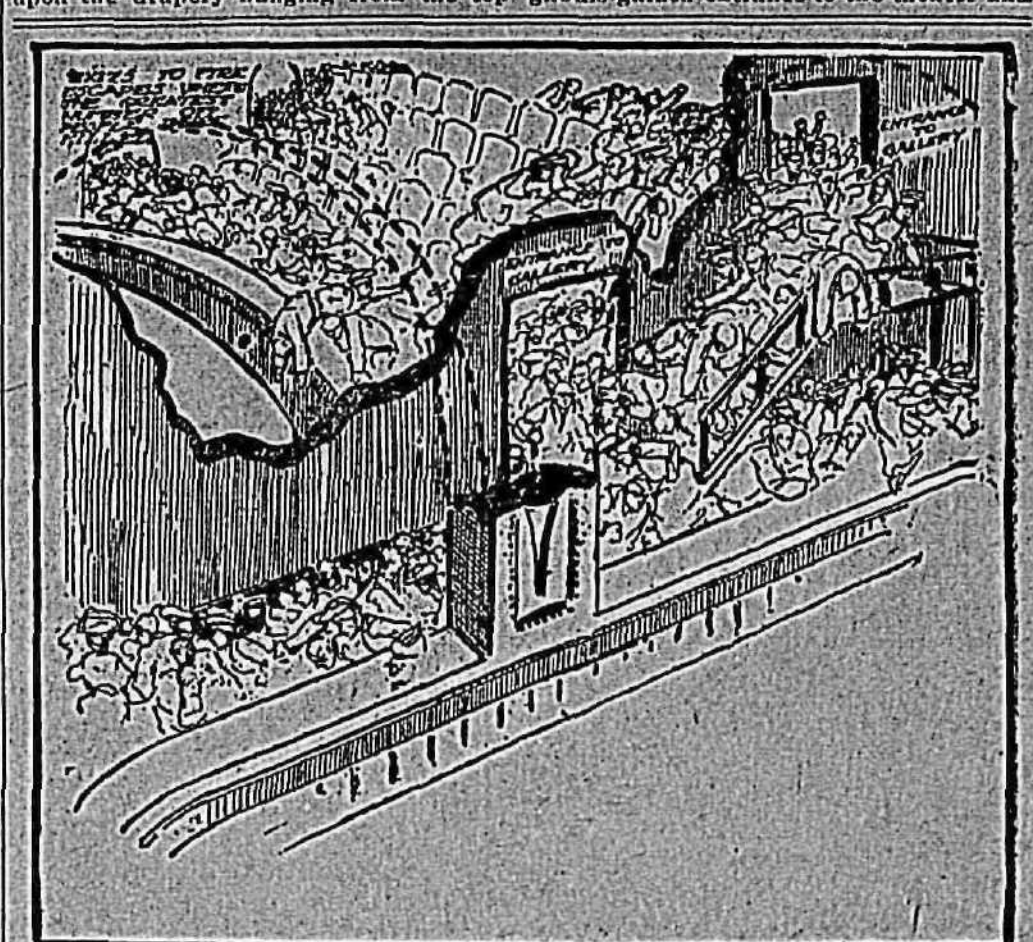


DIAGRAM SHOWING CRUSH AT SECOND BALCONY ENTRANCES.

of the stage near the proscenium, ignited it, starting the fire.

There were 180 drop scenes hanging at the theater at the time, and to prevent these from taking fire also the stage manager directed that the burning drapery be lowered. Instead, the men in the fly gallery, in their excitement, raised it, and almost instantaneously the flames leaped to the other hanging scenery.

Before the sense of danger became general the flames surrounded several of the calcium tanks. With a blinding, scorching puff, which sent a sheet of

robbed dead and dying in the midst of the fire.

Ten baskets of money and jewelry were picked up from the main floor when the fire was extinguished.

Hundreds of bodies were taken from the building, their clothing gone, their faces charred beyond recognition.

The theater had thirty exits. All were opened before the fire reached full headway, but some had to be forced open.

Darkness shrouded the theater with its hundreds of dead when the fire was under control that the building could be entered.

Neither balcony fell. The seats are ruined, the stage a wreck, and the full loss, it is thought, may be \$150,000 to \$200,000.

As the first rush was made for the foyer entrance to the balconies men, women and children were thrown bodily down the steps.

Not since the fire of 1871, when 250 were killed, has Chicago been maimed by such a universal tragedy; never has it received a blow so instantaneously shocking.

The coolness of Foy, of the orchestra leader and of other players, who begged the audience to hold itself in check, probably saved many lives on the parquet floor.

There were 2,000 persons or thereabouts in the theater. Of that number 1,740 had seats. The rest were massed in the rear of the seats on the main floor and the first balcony.

The newest theater in Chicago, the playhouse declared to be fireproof from dressing rooms to capstone, burned till its stage was a steel skeleton and its wrecked interior a charnel house.

Of the unidentified nearly all were so badly burned that recognition was impossible. Only by trinkets and burned scraps of wearing apparel could the bodies of hundreds be made known to their families.

From 3:30 o'clock, when the alarm was sent in, to 7:30 o'clock, when the doors of the theater were closed, the charred, torn and blistered bodies were carried from the building at the rate of four a minute.

According to nearly all accounts, there was no real explosion, the sound of explosion being that of the fuse of the "spot" light, the light which is turned on a pivot to follow and illuminate the progress of the star across the stage.

Perhaps the worst of the horror—if horror can have a superlative—is that a great portion of the dead are children. It was a holiday matinee. It was vacation for the school children and the college boys. Not in the 305 days of a year could there have been such an audience.

Before the first fifty bodies had been carried from the burning theater a score or more of ghoulies had commenced searching the piles of dead for loot. They filled their pockets. Rings, bracelets and watches were taken from the dead. Bar-



GHASTLY HUMAN PYRE.

fire to the stage by lowering the asbestos curtain, which is required by the city ordinances, but for some reason not clearly explained it could not be brought down more than two-thirds of the distance.

Rings were even torn from many of the women. In the blackness of the theater they could work unobserved, but it was not long before the police had discovered their presence and made war on them.







